written by

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mother!

FIRE

Everywhere.

We see just a WOMAN'S EYES: defiant... sad... defeated... but free...

Her eyes close as everything becomes

WHITE

And from the light a

CHARRED BOOKCASE

Hands place a CRYSTAL FORMATION on a burnt shelf.

They belong to HIM. His eyes torn with misery and sadness. He calms down. Closes his eyes. Wishes.

Slowly color repairs the shelf, returning it to an un-burnt state.

Now, dawn light reveals glimpses inside a

HOME

Repairing itself from a fire: the front door, a hand rail, a window onto the porch, the plaster work along the ceiling, the ruffled sheets on a comfortable bed in the

MASTER BEDROOM

They come back to life. A body emerges before us. A young woman in that comfortable bed reaching for her man. Empty. She turns into camera. This is MOTHER alone, her partner now gone.

She sits up and looks around.

MOTHER
Baby?

A moment of concern. She slips on her robe and heads down the stairs past a

STUDY

The door is open but the room is empty. She closes the door and continues down the open

STAIRWELL

The front door is closed. The dining room is empty. So is the drawing room.

She rushes through the

HALLWAY

Peeks into an empty bedroom and marches into the

KITCHEN

She looks out the window. Dawn reveals the rolling hills. No one is out there.

She rushes past the pantry and the dining room and into the

FOYER

She opens the door, steps out onto the porch, and stares into the blinding morning sun.

She doesn't see anyone. It is chilly, so she quickly turns to head inside and bumps into HIM.

MOTHER
You scared me.

HIM
Sorry. Didn't mean to.

He kisses her. She melts into it. Happy. Nowhere she'd rather be. She sees the dirt on his shirt.

MOTHER
You were outside?

He nods.

MOTHER
Why didn't you wake me?

HIM
I wanted to be alone.

That stings a little. He keeps going.

HIM
I mean, I needed to clear my head, get the ideas flowing.

MOTHER
And did they?

His face says it all:

HIM
No.

MOTHER
They will. Don't worry, it'll come.

He starts to pull away, doesn't like this kind of talk. She grabs him and hugs him hard. Tries for another kiss.

But he pulls away.

HIM
I must stink.

She smiles at him, inviting.

MOTHER
I like it...

HIM
I'd better shower.

He smiles, turns, and leaves. She watches him go to the stairs. Something creeps into her bliss. She steps inside and closes the front door.

Later in the

DRAWING ROOM

She mixes plaster. A perfectionist when it comes to details, she carefully makes sure the tone is the perfect off-yellow. But she can't seem to get it quite right.

None of this is a chore. She enjoys every moment. But still she is frustrated a bit.

She walks to the blank wall. She puts her hands against it. She breathes the scratch coat as she closes her eyes to the

DARKNESS OF HER IMAGINATION

She hears air breathe between the home's walls, the deep rhythmic beat of its mechanical systems, the fluids flowing through its pipes. We see the house, we see her, we see them. Back in the

DRAWING ROOM

She looks back at her mixture. She knows exactly what is wrong. She opens a small old wooden box filled with vials of colored powders. She adds some from one filled with a yellowish tint.

As she mixes it a smile creeps in. The color is right. She starts to plaster. Later in the

KITCHEN

Mother finishes cleaning dishes at the sink. She has just prepared two beautiful plates of food but the kitchen is spotless, there's no mess. HIM enters and reaches for a pair of drinking glasses.

HIM
Can I grab these?

MOTHER
I got it.

He carries the glasses to the table by the windows. He sits down and opens up his napkin. She serves him.

HIM
Perfect. You didn't need to do all of this.

MOTHER
I wanted to. You've been working so hard.

HIM
(sarcastic)
Yeah, right.

He digs in, barely looking at her. Later, in the

STUDY

The room is mostly finished. The shelves are filled with autobiographies of all shapes and sizes. One shelf is filled with citations and BRASS awards.

She adds a log to the fire then settles into a comfy chair with a thick book.

HIM stares out the window. An idea comes to him. He goes to his desk and sits down.

She sneaks a peek, hopeful.

He looks at a blank page. Nothing comes to him. He fiddles with his pen and looks at his awards. Then he looks out the window.

She starts to read again.

There's a KNOCK at the front door.

They look at each other. That's strange. She starts to rise but he gets up quicker.

HIM
(slight concern)
Wait here.

He heads out of the room. She waits a few moments.

She looks at the papers on his desk. BLANK.

All the pages are BLANK. She heads towards the

FRONT DOOR

She can't see who it is because the front door blocks her view, but HIM stands listening to whoever is there.

HIM
Please, come in.

He opens the door wider and MAN enters, sees Mother, and removes his cap.

MAN
Oh, hello.

MOTHER
Hello.

HIM
So this gentleman here just started working at the hospital and he thought we were...
(curious, to Man)
What do you do there?

MAN
I'm an orthopedic surgeon.

HIM
Really?

MAN
But mostly now I do research. And teach.

HIM
Research?

MAN
Yes I know, it's bit boring...

HIM
(laughing)
Not boring at all. Sit for a second. Can we get you anything to drink?

MAN
No, that's fine...

MOTHER
Some tea?

MAN
No, I don't want to be a bother.

HIM
You must. A guest, and a doctor, who knows I might trip down the stairs one day.

MAN
Let's hope not.

MOTHER
(smiles)
I'll go make some.

MAN
Thank you.

HIM
This way please. Sorry for the mess, we are moving in after months of construction.

Mother heads out of the room.

MAN
It’s an incredible place.

HIM
My wife loves having company.

MAN
Your wife? I thought it was your daughter.

She looks back aghast. Buries it, and heads into the

KITCHEN

Behind her, HIM invites Man to sit in the partially finished drawing room.

She turns on the kettle and prepares three cups. One slips and shatters on the floor.

HIM (O.S.)
You all right?

MOTHER
(barely squeaks)
Fine.

But she’s not. Her chest tightens -- the space right beneath her STERNUM. Her breaths get shallow. She feels real discomfort.

The house shifts slightly, her reality on fire. She fights to re-find her breath. Some sweat on her brow.

After a moment the pain passes. She cleans up the broken tea cup. She replaces it as the kettle whistles.

Then, she carries everything back to the

DRAWING ROOM

Where Man and HIM sip whiskey.

MAN
...There was this one case, it was an opera singer, late twenties. Her femurs were rotated so far inward that she couldn't spread her knees more than a foot apart.

HIM
Really?

MAN
(to Mother)
Why, thank you.

Mother lays down the tray.

MOTHER
(re: whiskey)
You upgraded. Where'd that come from?

MAN
I always carry a supply.

HIM
I've never tasted something like this.

Mother notices the man beam at the compliment.

MAN
(to Mother)
It's hard to come by. I had to share. Won't you join?

HIM
She's not much of a drinker.

MOTHER
I drink.

MAN
Well here, let me put a little in your tea.

HIM hopes she will. But she decides against it.

MOTHER
(blush)
I'm fine with tea. Thank you.

HIM laughs and stands up, moving to sit next to Mother, kissing her hand.

HIM
The good doctor here is about to publish a major paper--

MAN
“About” is generous. I still have reams of research to write up.

HIM
And he’s moved here to finish it.

There’s an awkward silence. Mother fills in the silence.

MOTHER
And what brings you to us?

MAN
Well they told me I could find a room here.

HIM
He thought we were a bed and breakfast.

Mother laughs. A half laugh. After another beat he continues.

HIM
We always talk about how this place is too big for the two of us.

Mother looks at HIM. A pause.

MAN
Well I really should be going, if I’m going to find--

HIM
Nonsense. It’s late, stay the night.

MAN
No, I couldn’t.

HIM
Please, we’d enjoy the company.
(turns to Mother)
Right?

Mother stutters, but covers.

MOTHER
Yes, of course.

MAN
Are you sure?

HIM
Positive.

MAN
Well then, I'll just grab the rest of my stuff. That's incredibly kind and generous. I just left it--

Man starts to cough as he heads out the door.

HIM
You all right?

MAN
I'm fine, just went down the wrong tube...

They follow him into the

FOYER

As he exits. Once they're alone, she turns to HIM.

MOTHER
We don't know him.

HIM
He's a doctor.

MOTHER
He's a stranger. We're just going to let him sleep in our house?

HIM
You want me to ask him to leave?

He looks at Mother. She subtly shrugs.

But then, Man returns with a TOTE BAG.

HIM
Is that all?

MAN
That's everything.

HIM helps the man and takes the bag.

Man pops a cigarette in his mouth and lights it with a METAL LIGHTER.

MOTHER
Um, we don’t smoke.

MAN
That’s smart...

MOTHER
In the house, I mean.

MAN
Sorry.

Man flicks the cigarette out the door.

MOTHER
I’ll go get you some linens.

HIM
I’ll show you to your room.

As HIM leads Man to the guest bedroom, Mother heads down into the

BASEMENT

Next to the boiler are stacks of moving boxes. She starts to rifle through them to find some sheets and towels.

Then, she hears a RUMBLE from the wall behind the boiler. A strange noise.

She nears the back WALL behind the boiler. She hears the RUMBLE again. She turns on a light and inches closer to the wall.

Then something BANGS against the wall. Mortar dust in the air. She YELPS and stumbles back.

The nearby boiler turns on. This calms her. Must be connected.

Upstairs, she enters the

GUEST BEDROOM

The man’s bag is there, but they are not. She starts to make the bed when she hears them down the hall.

She follows the voices to the stairwell just beneath the

STUDY

And stops to listen.

MAN (O.S.)
Oh and this, I love this. How come you have so many copies?

A brief pause.

HIM
Well I wrote it.

MAN
Oh my. That's you? I'm a huge fan.

HIM
You've read it?

She smiles to herself glowing in HIM's success. She moves

INSIDE

HIM and Man stand before the book case. They notice her.

MAN
I've read it many, many times. Your words changed my life.

HIM smiles with false modesty.

MAN
I'm sorry, you must hear that all the time.

HIM
Not really, no.

Man spies something else on the shelf.

MAN
(notices something)
And that?

He points at the beautiful CRYSTAL FORMATION resting on a stand. The same from the opening of the film. It's framed boldly in the center of the bookshelf.

MAN
What is it?

He reaches for it. But HIM reaches quickly to stop him. Then, he carefully takes it down from the shelf himself.

HIM
Careful, this is very, very delicate. It was a gift.

MAN
A very special gift. Is it from you?

He looks at Mother.

MOTHER
No.

HIM doesn't let it out of his hands. He shows it to Man as he cradles it.

HIM
When I was younger, I lost everything in a fire.

MAN
I'm sorry.

HIM
It's hard to imagine what that means. Losing everything. Your memories, your work, even your dirty toothbrush. I didn't even know if I could ever create again. Until, I found this in the ashes. Isn't that remarkable? It gave me the strength to start again.

He holds the crystal. Man holds his breath.

HIM
And then, I met her.
(to Mother)
You...
(back to Man)
And she breathed life back into every room.

He carefully sets the crystal back on the shelf. It takes a moment for Man to remember where he is.

HIM
She re-did all of it.

Man is still thinking about the crystal.

HIM
Every last detail.

MAN
(waking up)
By yourself?

MOTHER
Mmhm.

MAN
So you're not just a pretty face.

That's a bit rude. Mother darkens.

MOTHER
I just came up to say I'm going to get ready for bed.

MAN
I'm sorry, I didn't mean--

Man coughs. The cough gets worse and doesn't let up.

HIM
You okay? Want some water?

MOTHER
Are you all right?

Man waves it off and points at his empty whiskey glass.

HIM starts pouring, turns to Mother.

HIM
I'll be up soon.
(now to Man)
You're sure you don't want some water?

She retreats.

LATER

In the middle of the night, Mother sleeps. She reaches for HIM, but the bed is empty.

She sits up concerned. The

STUDY

Is empty. She continues downstairs and smells cigarette smoke. In the

GUEST BEDROOM

She peeks into the empty room. A glass bowl filled with cigarette butts sits next to his METAL LIGHTER.

She frowns. Then, she hears coughing from the

GUEST BATHROOM

Standing with his back to her is HIM. He gently strokes the naked back of Man who violently coughs into the toilet.

Mother can’t believe it.

MOTHER
Is everything all right?

HIM spins around.

HIM
He drank too much. He’ll be fine.

She tries to get a better glimpse of Man. There’s something on his back. An open wound maybe?

MOTHER
What is--

HIM
(strong whisper)
Give him some privacy.

The force of the words startle her. Suspiciously, she retreats back into the

GUEST BEDROOM

Her chest gets tight as she loses her breath. She spots the METAL LIGHTER again.

HIM (O.S.)
Get it out. Let’s get it all out.

Passive aggressively, she SLIDES the METAL LIGHTER off the bureau into the gap behind the furniture.

When she gets to the

MASTER BATHROOM

She tries to take a full breath but she can't fill her lungs.

She opens the medicine cabinet. There's a few empty amber bottles. She finds one with yellow powder. She adds it to a glass of water. She drinks the tincture.

Slowly her breath settles. She feels a lot better.

Later in the

MASTER BEDROOM

She crawls back into the empty bed. The next morning in the

KITCHEN

Mother preps breakfast. HIM wanders in, rubbing sleep from his eyes. He kisses her forehead.

HIM
Good morning.

MOTHER
Morning.

HIM
Smells great.

This makes her grin slightly. He peeks out the window.

MOTHER
What happened last night?

HIM
I couldn't sleep. I got so excited.

MOTHER
From what?

HIM
His stories. I love the man's mind. It is so inspiring speaking with someone who really appreciates the work.

MOTHER
I love your work.

HIM
Of course you do, I know that.

He wanders to the bathroom to relieve himself.

MOTHER
So is he better?

HIM (O.S.)
Pardon?

MOTHER
(louder)
Is he feeling better?

But there's no answer.

MOTHER
(louder still)
Is he all right!?

HIM (O.S.)
Fine, fine one sec...

She returns to her cooking. She adds some pepper and salt.

She turns to the fridge and nearly SLAMS into Man. She JUMPS.

MAN
Oh sorry. Just need a light.

Man motions to the stove. She recovers and steps back.

MAN
Don't worry about it, I'll take it outside. Morning.

MOTHER
Morning. How are you feeling?

MAN
Wonderful.

Man heads out the back door.

MOTHER
You're all better?

MAN
Better?

HIM returns from his piss.

HIM
Morning!

MAN
Morning!

HIM
How did you sleep?

MAN
Like a baby. Really vivid dreams.
Must be the air.

MOTHER
Wait. I'm confused--

The door bell RINGS. Mother looks surprised at HIM.

MOTHER
Who's that?

HIM
I'll get it.

MOTHER
No, don't. I'll get it...

She's already moving to the

FRONT DOOR

On the porch is WOMAN. Suitcase by her side.

MOTHER
Hello.

WOMAN
Hello.

There's an awkward pause.

MOTHER
Can I help you?

Man rushes forward, cigarette still in hand, and hugs Woman.

MAN
Ah, you made it.

Mother looks to HIM who's just arrived. He raises his eyebrows unsure what to make of it.

MAN
My better half.

WOMAN
(re: cigarette)
Get rid of that thing won't you.

MAN
I'm not inhaling.

Woman snatches the cigarette from Man and tosses it. They kiss. It lasts a beat too long.

HIM
Nice to meet you.

WOMAN
The pleasure is mine.

HIM
Well, come in...

And they do.

MOTHER
I didn't realize you were married.

MAN
Really?

It hangs there. The smoke alarm RINGS.

MOTHER
Breakfast!

HIM
I'll grab her suitcase.

Mother rushes back to the

KITCHEN

Where the pan is burnt and smoking. She grabs it. Too hot to touch. She cries out.

Everyone rushes in. Woman sees the smoking pan.

WOMAN
Oh it's burning.

She grabs the pan as well.

MOTHER
No, don't!

Too late. The woman drops the pan to the floor as she screams. Oil and food splatter across the floor.

WOMAN
Oh sorry.

MOTHER
I got it.

HIM
I'll get the window.

Mother grabs a dishrag and takes the pan. HIM throws open the windows to air out the smoke.

Woman is in pain. Man examines her hand.

MAN
(to woman)
Let me take a look at it.

MOTHER
Are you all right?

WOMAN
I think so.

HIM fans the fire alarm.

MAN
You're okay.
(to Mother)
Ice.

MOTHER
Ice.

Mother grabs some and wraps it in a dishrag.

WOMAN
So stupid.

MAN
It's not bad. It's fine, you're fine.

MAN
(to Mother)
Thank you.

MOTHER
I'm really so sorry.

WOMAN
Oh, don't worry about it. It's very nice to meet you.

MOTHER
Very nice to meet you.

The alarm finally snaps off. Later in the

DINING ROOM

HIM, Man, and Woman all eat. Mother is still bringing some things to the table. Woman plucks a few things off the plates even before Mother puts them down.

MAN
I had given up on romance. I was getting used to being alone.
(to Mother)
Oh thank you.
(Back to group)
But then, it just happened for us. I saw her, and I knew she was the woman I wanted to spend the rest of my life with.

Mother smiles. Man sees it.

MAN
Love at first sight.

WOMAN
Same here.

MAN
(not believing)
Yeah, right.

WOMAN
What? How could I resist this face?
(turns to Mother)
You believe me right?

Mother doesn't know how to answer. She just shrugs and continues to serve breakfast.

HIM
(to Mother)
Sit already.
(MORE)

HIM (CONT'D)
(jokey to Man)
So you never had a doubt?

Man shakes his head as Mother sits.

WOMAN
That's true.

MAN
(to Woman)
Did you have any doubts?

WOMAN
(cheeky)
No, not a one.

That makes Man chuckle. He smiles.

WOMAN
You guys understand that kind of connection, right? You must. I mean you're both so different, must have been what pulled you together.

MAN
You're so beautiful. Come here.

Man pulls Woman's chin. They lock lips. The kiss slips into slightly inappropriate tongue.

Mother feels weird. She looks at HIM. He stares at the couple.

The woman finally pulls away.

WOMAN
And then the kids came and screwed it all up.

Man laughs.

HIM
You have kids?

MAN
Two. Boys.

He pulls out his phone and shares some images.

HIM
Beautiful.

MAN
Here, this is my eldest.

HIM
Let me see.

Man changes the picture and motions to the woman.

MAN
And then her baby.

WOMAN
Oh, shut up.

HIM
Amazing eyes.

Mother smiles. HIM hands the phone back to Woman.

WOMAN
And you two?

There's an awkward beat.

WOMAN
You have kids?

HIM
Not yet. But we want them.

Mother looks at HIM. Really?

WOMAN
Well what are you waiting for? Why not finish breakfast and get to it...

HIM eats, doesn't say anything. After an awkward beat, Mother jumps in.

MOTHER
Well, I want to finish the house. And he's working on a new piece--

MAN
So you are writing again. That's wonderful.

WOMAN
Finally, right?

HIM
Yes.

MAN
(realizing)
Oh no. We're in the way? That's the last thing in the world--

HIM
No, no, not at all. You're more than welcome to stay here as long as you want.

Mother is startled to hear that.

MAN
That's very kind of you.

WOMAN
No, we couldn't impose.

MAN
(to Woman)
Honey, they've got plenty of room.

The woman looks at her cell phone.

WOMAN
Speaking of kids do you have a phone? I can't get a signal.

HIM
That's how we like it.

MAN
You don't need to call him every day--

MOTHER
There's one in the kitchen. I can show you.

WOMAN
No, that's all right.

Woman leads Man out of the room.

MAN
Can we just relax for the weekend--

WOMAN
No, honey I just want to let him know we're okay...

Alone now, HIM senses Mother's distance.

HIM
What's wrong?

MOTHER
Why would you do that without asking me?

HIM
Do what?

MOTHER
Invite them to stay.

HIM
I didn't think it was a big deal.

MOTHER
It's strange.

HIM
What?

MOTHER
Did you know he had a wife?

He shakes his head.

MOTHER
What about your writing?

He sighs.

HIM
I was actually enjoying not thinking about it. But now that I am thinking about it, I should go and do something about it.

He gets up and heads to work.

She grabs him.

MOTHER
(getting serious)
Hey.

He lowers his eyes. Forgiving. She gives him a look. He looks back. All forgiven. A simple kiss.

HIM
I really should work.

He leaves. She's alone. Later in the

DRAWING ROOM

Mother stands on a bench, plastering the wall above the mantle. She's working her way through the room.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Lemonade.

Woman enters carrying two glasses of lemonade. They're filled very much to the brim and spilling a bit.

MOTHER
(playfully)
Whoops, careful.

The guest puts one glass down but it spills a bit on an uncovered end table.

WOMAN
Thought you might like some.

MOTHER
Yes, thank you.

WOMAN
Secret family recipe.

MOTHER
Which part? The lemons?

Woman doesn't really get it. She just stares at Mother. Mother goes back to work.

MOTHER
How's your hand?

WOMAN
Still stinging.

Mother turns back.

MOTHER
I'm sorry.

WOMAN
It's not like it was your fault.
(a thought)
You don't have any painkillers do you?

Mother pauses for a moment. Then shakes her head no.

WOMAN
Are you telling me the truth?

MOTHER
I really don't have any, I'm sorry.

WOMAN
Okay.

An awkward pause.

WOMAN
You're not thirsty?

She nods towards the lemonade.

MOTHER
Right.

Mother steps down, picks up her glass, and takes a sip.

MOTHER
Now I get it. Strong.

WOMAN
I'm on my second. I can't believe you did all this work yourself.

MOTHER
Why not?

WOMAN
It's a lot.

MOTHER
Well, we spend all our time here. I want to make it paradise. And I love the work.

WOMAN
And it's exquisite.

MOTHER
Thank you.

WOMAN
Would you take me on a tour?

MOTHER
Sure.

Mother starts to lead her away, but the woman grabs her shoulder.

WOMAN
I want to thank you for your hospitality. Your husband has been so generous.

MOTHER
(after a pause)
You're welcome.

After another awkward pause.

WOMAN
Well, where to begin?

Mother follows her into the

STAIRWELL

And points up towards the skylight.

MOTHER
Well this was probably the hardest part. There was so much damage. The treads were gone, the railing, even the skylight. So I had to get a lot of new material but I tried to save as much--

WOMAN
Isn't that a lot harder than just starting fresh?

MOTHER
How do you mean?

WOMAN
Well, why didn't you just build a new house?

MOTHER
It's his home.

WOMAN
You really love him.

Mother blushes.

WOMAN
Can I ask you a question?

Mother doesn't trust what's coming.

WOMAN
(fishing)
Why don't you want kids?

MOTHER
Excuse me?

WOMAN
I saw how you reacted earlier. I know what's it's like when you're just starting out and you think you have all the time in the world. But you know, you're not going to be so young forever. Have kids. Then you'll be creating something together, that's what keeps a marriage going.
(motions to house)
This is all just setting.

Mother's guard slips. She chokes up a little.

WOMAN
(almost to herself)
Oh, you do want them. Is it him?

MOTHER
I need to get back to work.

WOMAN
Then why did he say... I'm sorry. Was I too forward? I do that sometimes.
(trying apologetic)
Every relationship has its issues, and when there's a full generation between you, I can only imagine.

Mother doesn't know what to say. The tipsy woman gets distracted by a glimpse of the study up the stairs.

WOMAN
Is that where he works?

MOTHER
That's private.

WOMAN
(mischievous)
Oh, can't you just give me a peek?

Woman doesn't pay her any mind and keeps heading for the study. Mother grabs her arm.

MOTHER
(too strong)
He doesn't like anyone being in there without him.

Woman looks at the tight grip.

WOMAN
Wow, you really do love him. God help you.

They are interrupted by laughing. HIM and Man emerge from the guest bedroom.

MOTHER
Where are you going?

HIM
I'm going to take him outside.

MAN
Going on a hike.

MOTHER
A hike?

MAN
(smiles at Woman)
Me, on a hike?

HIM
Just a quick one.

WOMAN
Go slow.

MAN
Slow enough so my smoke doesn't burn too quickly.
(encourages against it)
You don't want to come?

Still, Mother lights up, but:

WOMAN
No, we have laundry to do.
(to Mother)
You'll show me where right?

There's an awkward pause. In the

BASEMENT

Mother and Woman walk down the stairs.

WOMAN
The boys have bonded don't you think? Mine's not usually such a nature boy.
(sees the unfinished room)
Wow, guess you haven't quite gotten to this part yet.

She carries a bag of dirty clothes. It's heavy and she drops it.

WOMAN
So heavy.
(noticing)
That's a lot of tools.

MOTHER
I'll get it...

Mother lifts the bag up and carries it to the washer and dryer. The woman follows.

WOMAN
Which is which?

MOTHER
On the left.

Woman opens the loaded washing machine and dumps out Mother's wet clothes onto the floor.

MOTHER
Wait, let me. I'll help you.

Mother starts to load the wet clothes into the dryer. Woman stops aghast.

WOMAN
Oh no. So that's the problem.

MOTHER
What?

Woman holds up a pair of Mother's very boring panties.

WOMAN
You're going to have to try harder than this.

Mother yanks them away.

WOMAN
Believe me, when they get older, you gotta keep it interesting.

She laughs as she shows her own panties in the dirty pile. Very sexy.

MOTHER
He’s not that old.

WOMAN
How’s it going in that department?

MOTHER
I don’t feel comfortable talking about that stuff.

WOMAN
I’m just trying to help. I mean, look at you. If he’s not all over you, it’s either because of his age, or...

She drifts off.

MOTHER
Or what?

WOMAN
(switches course)
You know what, forget it. It’s none of my business. I think this has gone to my head.

She motions to the lemonade.

MOTHER
No. It’s okay. Say what you were going to say.

WOMAN
No, seriously. Obviously he still loves you.

She gulps down the rest of her lemonade. She grabs Mother’s mostly untouched glass.

WOMAN
I’m going to freshen these up.

Woman leaves. She never started the wash.

Mother sees the woman's panties hanging half out of the washer. She tosses them behind the machines and starts the wash.

She looks at her dirty hands. Goes and washes them in the slop sink.

She looks at the wall that scared her earlier. In the

KITCHEN

The woman is not there. But she's made a huge mess making the lemonade. Mother sighs. She walks towards the

GUEST BEDROOM

But it's empty.

MOTHER
Hello?

No answer. She hears water running in the bathroom. She moves to turn it off.

But trips on something. She looks down and finds the man's open tote bag in the middle of the floor.

She flips the light on in the

GUEST BATHROOM

And turns off the water. There are tissues sprayed with blood on the sink.

She picks them up with her fingertips and drops them in the toilet.

She flushes the toilet. She washes her hands and notices the toilet is clogged. The toilet water rises towards the rim.

Quickly she grabs the plunger.

She jabs it into the bowl. Just in time, the water starts to recede.

But, she notices something poking out from the bottom of the bowl. Something she's never seen before. It is a fleshy, bony mass.

She uses the wooden end of the plunger to prod it. It opens up revealing blood, pus and ribs. Before she gets a clear look, it is sucked down the drain.

She stumbles away and drops the plunger.

Her breath starts to tighten. Her chest hurts. She stumbles back into the

GUEST BEDROOM

And trips on the tote bag again. The bump causes something to shift. Under a sweater is a CEREMONIAL PHOTO of HIM with a decorative frame.

Disturbed she stumbles out into the

FOYER

Just in time to see Woman walking up the stairs.

MOTHER
Hey!

Woman enters the

STUDY

Where she stares at the crystal.

MOTHER
I told you, he doesn't like anyone being in here without him.

WOMAN
It's amazing. What is it?

Mother gets between the woman and the crystal. Woman pushes towards it. Mother has to hold her back.

MOTHER
(getting anxious)
We really need to leave. Please.

Mother guides her out of the study.

WOMAN
I just want to look at it.

MOTHER
You have to go.

WOMAN
I don't know why you have to make such a big deal out of it.

Mother pulls the study door shut as the front door opens.

Man enters, in the midst of a coughing fit.

WOMAN
Oh, they're back.

HIM
This way, I'll get you some water.

Woman, concerned, rushes down to intervene.

WOMAN
Honey? Are you all right? Your damn smoking.

In the

PANTRY

HIM offers Man a glass of water.

HIM
Here.

Man nods.

WOMAN
You all right?

HIM
(re: cough)
Just started.

WOMAN
Come on, let's go get you your pills. Look, if I wanted a third child...

She pulls her husband through the kitchen into their bedroom. Mother is not happy.

HIM
(to Mother)
That was intense. You're not going to believe what he just told me--

Mother ignores him. She sees him leaning on the sink.

MOTHER
That sink's not braced yet.

HIM
What? Is something...

She doesn't stay to listen. Rudely, she turns and walks into the

STAIRWELL

He chases her down.

HIM
Hey wait, something happened?
What? What is it?

She pulls him to a more private spot in the

DINING ROOM

Whispering she says:

MOTHER
He has one of those pictures of you in his luggage.

HIM
What were you doing in their luggage?

MOTHER
That's not the point. He didn't just "stumble" on us. He's a crazy fan.

HIM
I know.

MOTHER
Excuse me?

HIM
That's what he told me on our walk. He's dying. That's why he came here. He wanted to meet me before he's gone.

That gives her pause.

MOTHER
Why didn't he tell us that? Why lie?

HIM
I don't know. He's a proud man. I admire that.

Just then, right above them, they hear a crash. HIM's face goes slack. He runs up to the

STUDY

Mother on his heels. Woman is in the corner guilty. Man stands in front of her scared.

HIM
What have you done?

MAN
I'm so sorry. We're both sorry.

HIM falls to his knees looking at the remains of his special crystal formation. Mother can tell he's devastated.

MAN
I was telling her the story when--

WOMAN
It just fell out of my hands, and...

HIM holds up his hand telling them to stop. They don't.

MAN
We'll search and find another--

WOMAN
We can pay for a new one--

HIM
(explodes)
QUIET!

His outburst startles them. It startles Mother as well.

They quiet down immediately. HIM points to the door.

Man leads Woman out. Heads bowed they file past Mother.

HIM carefully picks up all the different shards. He collects them into a small delicate bowl.

He looks over at Mother.

HIM
I'm sorry I screamed. I just need a moment.

She nods ever so slightly, and heads out to the

HALF LANDING

The couple watches from the bottom of the stairs.

MAN
It was an accident.

MOTHER
I think it's best if you leave.

WOMAN
We said we were sorry.

MAN
(whispering)
Honey, don't antagonize--

WOMAN
(under her breath)
What more do you want?

Mother stares at them. The man gets it and they retreat towards the guest bedroom.

In the study, HIM finishes collecting the shards. Then, he sticks his hands into the bowl, into the glass. Slowly, he makes two tight fists.

Glass cuts into his hands. Mother GASPS. He turns and sees her.

HIM
Please. Please!

She shuts the door. Her breath tightens. Her sternum hurts. She tears up. She fights to take a breath. She marches down to the

GUEST BEDROOM

The door is open a crack. She peeks in. Man and Woman are making out hard.

Things are heated. Mother stares. Man has his hands down Woman's panties and fingers her. She catches Mother's eyes and maybe grins. Naughty.

Mother spins away. Her chest tightens more. The house shifts slightly, her reality on fire. She charges up to the

MASTER BATHROOM

And drinks some yellow powdered tincture. Its glow calms her. She heads down to the

HALF LANDING

She knocks. No answer. Then, she hears footsteps approach. HIM slips out of the study and shuts the door.

With his bloody fist, he SMASHES the door knob off.

Frightened, she watches him walk upstairs. The knob rolls through the spindles and slams into the ground floor. She follows it down to the

STAIRWELL

She picks it up and places it onto the hallway bureau. She stands there confused. Then, she makes a decision. She heads down into the

BASEMENT

She grabs the laundry bag and throws the unwelcome guests' wet clothes into it. She takes the garbage bag of clothes back upstairs to the

STAIRWELL

She hears it first, then sees HIM in front of his study nailing plywood over the study door.

MOTHER
What are you doing?

He keeps hammering nails into the wall.

MOTHER
What are you doing!?

He turns and looks down on her.

HIM
They will never get in here again.

MOTHER
Well don't worry, I'm kicking them out.

He grins, a slight ambiguous grin.

HIM
Where will they go?

Odd comment. She doesn't understand it. He turns and continues nailing the new wall.

Frustrated, she bangs on the door to the

GUEST BEDROOM

Wearing just a bra, Woman stands in the doorway.

WOMAN
Need something?

Man is in the bathroom having a coughing fit.

Beat.

MOTHER
Are you ready?

WOMAN
What do you mean?

MOTHER
We want you out.

WOMAN
We? Or you?

MOTHER
I've tried very hard--

WOMAN
(interrupting)
Yeah, well look, I have to check on my husband.

Woman shuts the door in her face. Mother knocks on the door. She tries the knob. It's locked. Pissed and confused. Then, someone is in the foyer.

YOUNGER BROTHER (O.S.)
Hello? Hello, where is everybody?

Mother startles, turns. A silver-tongued ne'er-do-well, Man and Woman's second child, the YOUNGER BROTHER pushes into the

FOYER

Mother approaches him. She looks for HIM but he is no longer on the half landing.

YOUNGER BROTHER
(taken with Mother's beauty)
Oh, hey. Hey, who're you?

MOTHER
Who are you? What are you doing here?

The stranger gets a little too close.

YOUNGER BROTHER
(hides a smile)
What are any of us doing here, right?
(she doesn't bite)
Where's my mother?

She realizes who he is.

MOTHER
Oh. Wait here.

Mother heads towards the guest bedroom. He follows behind. Checks out her rear.

YOUNGER BROTHER
Hey. Nice view.

Mother doesn't appreciate it. Just then, Woman emerges.

MOTHER
Did you invite your son--

But before Mother can finish, the son rushes into the woman's arms.

WOMAN
What are you doing here?

YOUNGER BROTHER
Mom. I tried calling, but I couldn't get through. There's no--

WOMAN
What's wrong?

YOUNGER BROTHER
He came to the house and found the will.

WOMAN
(shocked)
What?

YOUNGER BROTHER
Yeah, he's out of control.

Mother is frustrated. Still trying to get them out.

MOTHER
I'm sorry, but whatever this is, you're going to have to finish outside.

But they ignore her. A new voice pulls her back.

OLDEST SON (O.S.)
(interrupting, screams)
Daaad-- DAAAAAAAAAAD--

WOMAN
He's here?

YOUNGER BROTHER
Oh no.

WOMAN
He's here?

Mother sees fear flash across the younger brother and the woman's faces.

MOTHER
Who's that?

The OLDEST SON rushes toward his family. Ragged and disturbed, he sees his mom and brother conspiring together.

OLDEST SON
(can barely contain his resentment)
Ran straight to mommy.

YOUNGER BROTHER
(retreats)
You followed me? What's wrong with you?

WOMAN
You shouldn't be here!

OLDEST SON
Where's dad? Where is he?
(sees Mother)
Who's she? Who are you?

YOUNGER BROTHER
He doesn't want to see you.

OLDEST SON
That's not true. Is he here? Daaaad!?

WOMAN
Stop it. You're going to upset him.

The younger brother physically blocks his brother. Their dad arrives from the bedroom.

MAN
Boys, boys, why are you--

Woman rushes to her husband's side. The oldest son whips a thick <u>will</u> out of his pocket and waves it.

OLDEST SON
(to Man)
What is this? Do you know what you signed?

MAN
Of course I do.

As the brothers jostle, Man and Woman start to bicker.

WOMAN
Go lie back down. I'll handle it.

MAN
You said that you told him!

WOMAN
No, honey I didn't say that.

Mother is stuck in the middle of the madness. Fear creeps into her heart as she tries but can't get away.

OLDEST SON
(devastated, to his father)
You wanted this! How could you?

MAN
It's for a good reason son.

YOUNGER BROTHER
It's you. It's not him.

Man tries to ease away from his wife, who is trying to dissuade him.

WOMAN
Let me talk to him.

MAN
No, I'll talk to him.

And Man pushes through to his eldest and holds him.

MAN
You're right. I should have told you myself. Okay? And I'm sorry. I was thinking about you. About what's best for all of you.

He leads his older son into the drawing room, the others follow. Mother can finally get past, hurries to the

STAIRWELL

She looks up for HIM but he's nowhere to be seen. Behind her, in the drawing room the family continues to fight.

MAN
It's a trust. You have to make a decision as a group before anything can be spent.

OLDEST SON
It won't work! I have to get permission from them every time I take a piss?

MAN
It will force you to talk. To get along. That's the most important thing.

OLDEST SON
She will side with him every time!

MAN
You're not even listening to me!

WOMAN
I just want to support you both.

OLDEST SON
Support me? You just want to tell me what I can and can't do.

WOMAN
That is not fair!

A door SLAMS above. Mother looks up once more and sees HIM watching from three flights up. Mother runs up the

STAIRS

As the family continues to argue downstairs.

OLDEST SON
You never believe in me, or anything I'm trying to do.

YOUNGER BROTHER
Stop whining.

OLDEST SON
See? Don't do this. Dad they hate me.

MAN
Come on. They don't hate you.

WOMAN
We love you. You're our son.

OLDEST SON
Well then treat me like one.

YOUNGER BROTHER
First act like one.

Mother glances down at the family as HIM meets her at the

HALF LANDING

With two buckets of paint. He puts them down.

MOTHER
The sons are here. They just barged in, I couldn't stop them.

HIM
I know.

She follows HIM down the stairs.

MAN
There’s more than enough for everyone to share.

YOUNGER BROTHER
If you don’t waste it all.

OLDEST SON
Shut up!

YOUNGER BROTHER
Here we go again. Losing your temper when you don’t get your way.

Now, Man sees his hosts arrive at the

BOTTOM OF THE STEPS

And he lowers his voice embarrassed.

MAN
Let’s discuss this outside.

OLDEST SON
No, I want to talk about it now!

MAN
Our hosts--

SON
Shut up!

MAN
(trying to quiet him)
If you need money, I’ll give you money.

Man pulls out his wallet.

OLDEST SON
I don’t want your chump change.

The older son slaps the wallet onto the ground. Woman tries to calm him down.

WOMAN
Sweetie...

OLDEST SON
Don't touch me!

The older son roughly shoves his mom aside. At that, HIM lunges forward and pins the oldest son against the wall.

HIM
Calm down.

OLDEST SON
(recognizes him)
You're the poet? The great writer?
(serious now)
You don't know anything!

HIM
Maybe so.

OLDEST SON
They lied to me. They're robbing me.

HIM
I don't know the story. Will you calm down?

The older son hears the words.

HIM
Will you?

The older son nods and HIM lets go.

MAN
Thank you.

HIM motions towards the drawing room.

HIM
You can sit in there.

Mother looks at HIM alarmed.

MAN
Good. Now, let's go sit down and discuss this.

YOUNGER BROTHER
No! Mom! Dad's dying and all he cares about is his damn money!

The older son leaps on his brother. It explodes quickly.

WOMAN
Stop it!

MAN
Boys stop it!

Man tries to pull his sons apart. The oldest elbows him in the guts.

He goes down coughing up blood, struggling to breathe. HIM rushes to his new friend's side.

YOUNGER BROTHER
Look at Dad, look what you did!

The younger rushes the older and shoves him into the wall. Murder in his eyes he tosses his younger brother onto the floor.

MOTHER
Stop!

WOMAN
Boys! Stop it!

Man coughs uncontrollably. He can't catch his breath. The younger brother spits on his brother and flees. The oldest son throws a chair at him but misses. It smashes into the wall.

MOTHER
Please! NO!

HIM
Can you breathe? Breathe.

The older son lunges after his baby brother who flees past Mother. She pursues them through the

STAIRWELL

The pursuing oldest son grabs the door knob Mother left on the bureau.

MOTHER
Stop!

She follows them into the

GUEST BEDROOM

The oldest son raises the door knob above his head and bashes the younger brother's head in.

MOTHER
Wait! Stop! Stop it!

Mother SCREAMS. She tries to break it up. She gets shoved and crashes onto her back against a bureau.

The young boy has collapsed on the ground, blood rushes out from his head.

OLDEST SON
Get up. Get up! Get up! Stop faking. Look at me!

Mother gasps. The oldest son looks at her. She tries to back away. He grabs her ankle and pins her against the bureau.

OLDEST SON
It's not my fault. They never really loved me. They always loved him more. They were leaving me behind.

Mother tries to get away.

OLDEST SON
Just tell me you understand! You have to understand.

Mother does understand. The oldest son relaxes, when, from nowhere, HIM lifts the oldest son off the ground and SLAMS his head into a glass vase on the mantle.

The eldest son barely stays on his feet, bleeding from a GASH in his forehead.

HIM
What have you done to your brother!?

Woman rushes in.

WOMAN
What did you do? What did you do?

The oldest son stumbles out of the room nearly knocking into his mom.

OLDEST SON
(as he leaves)
You did this.

Woman sees her bleeding younger son and screams.

WOMAN
Wake up!
(to HIM)
Do something, help him!

She rushes to her son. HIM kneels next to the boy.

HIM
(to Mother)
Towels! Towels!

Mother goes for the towels in the

GUEST BATHROOM

The back door slams open. She sees the oldest son stumble out onto the porch and head towards the east.

Mother grabs towels and rushes back into the

GUEST BEDROOM

The younger brother is losing blood fast. His eyes stare off into the darkness.

YOUNGER BROTHER
Father? Father,--

HIM
(interrupts)
The doctor, go get him.

Mother rushes to the

FOYER

Man is just getting to his feet.

MOTHER
Come quick. He’s bleeding!

MAN
What? What’s happening?

MOTHER
He’s bleeding!

HIM enters the room carrying the bleeding boy.

WOMAN
It’s bad. Really bad.

MAN
What happened?

HIM
He’s not waking up.

Man examines his son on the move.

WOMAN
Careful, don’t drop him.

MAN
Keep his head up.

HIM looks at Mother as he moves.

HIM
I’ll call you from the hospital.

MOTHER
No, no please stay with me.

MAN
Please, we need him.

HIM
Lock the doors, I’ll be back as soon as I can.

MOTHER
Please don’t leave me.

HIM just looks at Mother, doesn’t say anything and leaves the house, leaving her alone.

The sun hangs low in the sky

OUTSIDE

We see the entire home. Mother alone on the porch. It’s the first time we’ve seen the exterior. Back at the

FOYER

Mother shuts the door. She locks it. There's blood on the handle.

Mother goes to the

BACK DOOR

And locks it. She looks at her hand. It's bloody. She looks at the empty house. As night sets in the

KITCHEN

Mother stares at the disappearing woods. An INSECT knocks against the window trying to get out. It dies on the ledge just an inch from freedom. Now in the

GUEST BEDROOM

She ties back her hair as she stares at the bloody floor.

Later, wearing dish gloves she mops up the blood with rags. There's still a stain. She'll need clean water. She dumps the rags into a bucket. She carries the bucket into the

GUEST BATHROOM

Where she empties the bucket in the tub and starts refilling it with hot water. She pulls off a glove, wipes her brow. She touches the wall, closes her eyes, slips into the

DARKNESS OF HER IMAGINATION

She feels the house, her hands, her feet. The sound of the running faucet fades away. She feels the house, the house feels her. She is all of it and she feels it shrinking away. This alarms her. She opens her eyes back in the

GUEST BATHROOM

Mother turns off the tap. She moves deliberately into the

GUEST BEDROOM

Goes to the bloody floor. She touches it. The wood is rotten, crumples apart. She grabs a lamp and shines it into the hole.

She sees something. She opens the hole a bit bigger and sees blood pooled on the back of the basement ceiling.

She heads down into the

BASEMENT

She flips on the light. Blood fills up the bare bulb and it bursts. Total darkness.

She's prepared. There's a flashlight on a nearby ledge.

She flips it on. Blood drips from the ceiling.

A blood stain stretches out from the hole and travels down the wall behind the boiler. The same wall she heard noises from.

The blood forms the outline of a rounded portal, the mysterious wall.

She grabs a WRENCH and moves to the blood stain.

She uses the wrench to test the edges of the door-shape formed by the stain. They are rotten. She pushes on it. It starts to move. The whole stone piece, the shape of a tombstone, opens to reveal a

HIDDEN CELLAR

A gust of wind blows out. Some dust comes with it.

She peers into the dark room.

Inside is the huge oil tank for the house.

And then, a lone TOAD hops out from the darkness. It hops towards her. She slides out of the way as it hops into the basement and under the boiler.

She looks under the boiler. <u>It's gone</u>. Strange.

Then, she hears GLASS BREAK upstairs. Scared, she listens in silence. There are footsteps.

Clutching the wrench, she heads upstairs to the

HALLWAY

Nothing moves. She peers into the

KITCHEN

Still nothing. Then she notices the

BACK DOOR

Is open. She sneaks towards the pantry to get a better view. Broken glass from a broken pane on the floor. The ceremonial photo of HIM's face, ripped into pieces.

Footsteps CREAK behind her. She turns to the

FOYER

And reveal the oldest son watching her. She YELPS. He looks at her.

OLDEST SON
They left you all alone? You do understand.

He picks up his dad's wallet, walks out the front door and disappears into darkness.

OLDEST SON
Good luck.

After a beat she runs to the

KITCHEN

To call the police.

911 (ON PHONE)
911, what's your emergency? What's your emergency?

The back door is open. She spins. It's HIM out of breath. She runs into his arms in the

PANTRY

He looks at her.

HIM
Are you all right?

MOTHER
He was here.

HIM
I know. The police brought me home. They'll find him don't worry. Did he hurt you?

He hugs her. They take a few breaths.

MOTHER
No.

HIM
No? Okay, sit. Let me get you some water.

He goes into the

KITCHEN

Brings back the water.

HIM
Here. It's okay. It's all right.

MOTHER
What happened at the hospital?

HIM
I was holding the boy's hand when he died.

MOTHER
That's awful. Are you all right?

HIM
I'm exhausted.

He looks at his bloody shirt.

HIM
I need a hot shower. Will you come?

She follows him down the

HALLWAY

But when she passes the

GUEST BEDROOM

She pauses.

HIM
What is it?

MOTHER
I'll be up in a minute.

HIM
You sure?

MOTHER
Yeah.

Mother goes to the bloody hole in the floor. She pulls a carpet over it, covering the bloody stain.

By the time she gets up to the

MASTER BEDROOM

HIM, wrapped in a wet towel, is out cold on the bed.

LATER

She sleeps. A distant door SLAMS. It wakes her and she sits up. What was that? HIM is fast asleep next to her.

She hears VOICES downstairs. From the

SECOND FLOOR LANDING

Three STRANGERS in black pass under her. Two females and one male.

Nervous, she starts to head back for help when she spots Man and Woman enter. He is distraught and leans heavily on the MOURNER.

MOURNER
In here?

WOMAN
Yeah, straight ahead in the kitchen.

Mother rushes back to the

MASTER BEDROOM

But the bed is empty.

She turns. HIM emerges from the bathroom, belt open, shirt just being put on.

HIM
They came back quick.

MOTHER
What are they doing here?

HIM
They had nowhere to go, so I told them it would be all right to invite some friends and family. I'll go deal with them.

As he leaves, tucking in his shirt, her breath starts to thin. She feels a pain in her chest. She swallows the pain and follows him down the stairs into the

DINING ROOM

HIM holds Woman. She's stoic and numb.

HIM
I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry for your loss.

Meanwhile, Man is hysterical. The Mourner helps him to a chair.

Woman glances at Mother.

MOTHER
I'm so sorry.

Woman turns and goes to her husband. HIM puts his hands on the man's shoulder.

A friend, the CUPBEARER, starts pouring shots.

CUPBEARER
Shall we have a toast?

Man just cries.

WOMAN
(whispers to HIM)
Would you say something? He so respects you.

HIM
Of course.

HIM nods as the Cupbearer distributes glasses. He hands one to Mother.

HIM
How can one begin to understand your pain? The sacrifice of a parent? All those years of worry. Years in days. Days in hours. Hours in seconds. But in each second, an infinite amount of love.

Woman rubs her husband's shoulders.

HIM
And now, suddenly it seems there is nothing to love. Just a vast and silent darkness. But fear not, from inside it, there's a voice crying out to be heard, loud and strong. Just listen...

And for a moment everyone is silent. Then Man starts to cry. So do the mourners. In a moment, everyone is crying.

HIM
Do you hear that? Do you hear that? That is the sound of life, that is the sound of humanity. That is your son's voice. His cry of love. His love for you.

Woman takes HIM's arm.

WOMAN
Thank you.

HIM
My pleasure.

CUPBEARER
Here! Here!

EVERYONE
HERE! HERE!

Everyone shoots. The Cupbearer looks at Mother who still holds her drink. She follows through and downs the drink.

WOMAN
Thank you all for coming here and being with us tonight. My husband and I are so touched. We lost our baby today. I can't believe that just a few hours ago he was standing there and I was holding him in my arms. He was so full of life. He always was...

There's a knock at the door. Mother looks at HIM. He nods to her. She goes to the

FRONT DOOR

SIX GRIEVERS file in. They say hello and Mother welcomes them. They shed jackets and Mother hangs them before joining everyone in the

DINING ROOM

Woman continues her toast. She glances through Mother with empty eyes.

WOMAN
It means so much. I don't know what else to say. I just want to thank our dear host for his hospitality in our time of need.

HIM
Of course.

WOMAN
(to HIM)
So please, I'd like to drink to your kindness.

Everyone raises glasses and drinks. Man stands up.

WOMAN
Sweetheart, you don't have to do this.

MAN
No, I want to.

He collects himself.

MAN
I loved my son. I loved him. I can't believe this. I shouldn't be eulogizing him, he should--

And he breaks down unable to continue. Everyone quietly drinks. Mother sips.

MAN
I'm sorry, I can't. Would someone please...
(to Mother)
Would you say something?

Everyone turns to look at Mother. Mother doesn't know what to say. After a long awkward beat.

MOTHER
(meek)
For your child...

HIM helps out.

HIM
For both your children. Let's not forget the one still in the wilderness. Wherever he goes, wherever he is may he find kindness, compassion, and one day, even forgiveness.

The front door opens. Mother looks. Another five people enter, including the PHILANDERER.

HIM
Welcome, please join us.

PHILANDERER
I'm just gonna put this in the kitchen.

HIM
Yes, through there.

Mother looks on in disbelief. Concerned, she follows the Philanderer into the

PANTRY

The room is half full with people drinking and talking. The Philanderer joins the CONSOLER who is sitting on the counter next to the sink.

PHILANDERER
Hey, how you doing?

CONSOLER
Good, considering.

MOTHER
Excuse me. Could you get down from there? That sink's not braced yet.

They nod and get down, apologizing.

Someone steps on the glass pane from the broken back door. Mother quickly sweeps it up.

The Cupbearer enters.

CUPBEARER
That was so beautiful, no?

He hugs her. Mother is taken aback.

CUPBEARER
It's all right. Can I use your phone?

MOTHER
Sure it's in the kitchen.

She sees him head the wrong way.

MOTHER
No, it's just there. Excuse me!

But he's not listening. She follows after him into the

DINING ROOM

Woman pops up right next to Mother. She's smoking.

WOMAN
Where did you go?

MOTHER
I was just in the... I'm really sorry again.

WOMAN
I know you are.

It's loaded. Mother tries to change the subject.

MOTHER
I can’t imagine how--

WOMAN
No. You can’t imagine what it feels like if you don’t have a child. You give and you give and you give and it’s just never enough.

MOTHER
I understand.

WOMAN
Do you?
(lashes out)
Why don’t you at least put on something decent?

Mother realizes she’s wearing a night gown. Embarrassed, she exits to the foyer, where the pain in her chest starts again. She sees more guests arriving, rushes up the

STAIRS

And sees the Cupbearer grab the DAMSEL and duck into the

MASTER BEDROOM

MOTHER
Hey!

Mother pushes inside. And finds them sitting on her bed.

MOTHER
You can’t be in here.

CUPBEARER
I’m sorry?

MOTHER
You need to leave.

CUPBEARER
We’ll just be a minute.

MOTHER
This is our room.

That makes him smile. But he backs away and exits.

CUPBEARER
It’s your room.
(to Damsel)
Come on, let’s find another spot.

Mother shuts the door.

Her chest tightens more. She fights for breath. She goes into the

MASTER BATHROOM

At the medicine cabinet she drinks some yellow powder. In a moment, she feels better.

She starts to change her clothes. The WANDERER pushes open the door.

WANDERER
Oh.

MOTHER
(embarrassed)
Excuse me!

WANDERER
Just exploring.

He ducks out but doesn’t shut the door. She gets up and shuts it. Later, in the

MASTER BEDROOM

She’s finished getting dressed and exits into the

HALLWAY

Where the IDLER and the STRAGGLER talk on the stairs.

MOTHER
Excuse me, could you please go downstairs?

STRAGGLER
This way?

MOTHER
Yes.

IDLER
Sure.

She follows them down past the

HALF LANDING

The boards that HIM used to seal the office are now painted white.

Curious, Mother touches the wood. It's still wet. She gets paint on her hand. Quickly now she rushes down the

STAIRWELL

Where the Cupbearer uses a roller on a stick to paint the bottom side of the stairs.

MOTHER
What are you doing?

CUPBEARER
Oh it's no big deal. I worked my way through college doing this.

MOTHER
But why are you painting my house?

The comment makes him smile.

CUPBEARER
Well, he's been so kind to everyone, it's the least we could do.

We? She turns around and sees the Damsel painting in the drawing room.

MOTHER
Stop! Both of you! Stop.

They look at her strangely.

CUPBEARER
No problem.

They put down their brushes. Frustrated, she moves quickly into the

DINING ROOM

Where HIM holds court. He's with a room full of people smoking and drinking. He bangs on the table, animated and filled with excitement.

HIM
Of course, what's mine is yours!
(spots her)
There you are! My goddess! Come here, sit. You've got to hear these stories. They are--

She pushes through the crowd to HIM.

MOTHER
All these people.

HIM
I know. They're just letting off steam.

MOTHER
They're painting our house.

The drunk ATTENDANT laughs HYSTERICALLY. He falls back in his chair and knocks over a glass, spilling wine everywhere.

MOTHER
I got it.

Mother grabs napkins, mops up the spill. She weaves between guests with the sopping towel into the

PANTRY

Where the PHILANDERER and the FOOL sit on the sink.

MOTHER
Please get down from there.

FOOL
Sorry. Excuse me.

And they do. Then whisper quietly about Mother.

PHILANDERER
What's her problem?

FOOL
I don't know.

Mother tosses the napkins into the sink. She grabs the overflowing trash towards the kitchen. But, she's cut-off by the suave ADULTERER.

ADULTERER
Hey we haven't met. I've known the family for years. And you?

MOTHER
This is my house.

That gets a smile out of the Adulterer. He looks at Mother in a strange way, like she's insane.

ADULTERER
Well, it's a beautiful home. You want to take a walk?

MOTHER
What?

ADULTERER
A walk. With me.

MOTHER
No. No.

She spots the Philanderer and Fool, back up on the sink.

MOTHER
Please--

ADULTERER
You know what take my number.

Mother turns back towards the Adulterer.

MOTHER
No, I don't want your number.

ADULTERER
Now why would you say that? You don't even know me.
(takes out his phone)
Let me give me your number.

She presses for the kitchen. The Adulterer grabs her arm.

MOTHER
Let go of me.

ADULTERER
Why?

MOTHER
Because I don't know you.
(to the people on the sink)
Get down from there.

PHILANDERER
From where?

ADULTERER
But you see you should, because you don't know what I can do for you.

MOTHER
I don't want anything from you.

ADULTERER
Sassy.

MOTHER
Leave me alone.

ADULTERER
You know what get out of my face. You're an arrogant cunt.

She's stunned by his words and shoots him an angry look. Mother turns back towards the sink, where the sink-sitters have started to bounce on the counter. It holds.

FOOL
See, there's nothing wrong with it.

PHILANDERER
It's really okay.

They keep bouncing.

MOTHER
No, stop doing that! Don't do that! Stop!

Then, there's a loud CRACK, and the sink fully collapses.

The pipes in the wall behind the sink rip through the wall. Bigger mains in the ceiling collapse through.

Water sprays down on everyone. The crowd screams. Mother snaps.

MOTHER
Get OUT! GET OUT! All of you.

People start to head towards the door.

HIM, soaked, rushes in against traffic.

HIM
What happened?

Mother can barely answer.

MOTHER
They won't listen!

HIM
It's all right we'll fix it, it can be fixed.

He turns from her to try and stop everybody from leaving--

HIM
(finds Man, grabs his shoulder)
Please, don't go. Don't go. We'll turn it off.

MAN
It's been an honor. And we'll never forget all you've done for us.

HIM
Where will you go?

Man pulls away from HIM. Woman gives Mother one last look before leaving her home. Mother shakes her head as she gets soaked by the spraying water. She rushes down to the

BASEMENT

Mother finds the water main. Turns it off.

In the dark quiet she hears footsteps of the crowd leaving. The front door slams shut. Quiet at last.

Then she heads back upstairs to the

STAIRWELL

The front door is closed. The dining room and kitchen are trashed.

No sign of HIM. She heads into the

KITCHEN

She starts to clean. HIM enters, shoulders sunk.

HIM
They're gone.

She ignores him.

HIM
Come, let's go to bed.

She continues to clean.

HIM
You don't need to--

MOTHER
Do what? Clean up their mess?

HIM
We did a good thing. They needed a place to celebrate life. They needed tonight.

MOTHER
What about what I needed? A boy died here today! I mopped up his blood. And you abandoned me.

She storms away into the

STAIRWELL

He follows her.

HIM
No. I didn't abandon you. They just lost a son, they lost two sons. I was helping them. This is not about us, it's about them.

She spins.

MOTHER
No, it's not about them, it's about <u>you</u>. It's always about you and your work. You think that's gonna help you write? Nothing does. I re-built this entire house, wall to wall, you haven't written a word.

HIM
(snaps; bellowing)
I know! I know! I'm sorry. I can't. I can't write. I can't think. All I'm trying to do is bring life into this house.

He charges to the front door and flings it open.

HIM
Open the door to new people. New ideas. You think you can't breathe? I'm the one who's suffocating here. While you pretend that nothing is wrong.
(mocking)
"Everything will be all right."
"Everything will be good." "You'll be fine." You know what? Life doesn't always work out the way you want it to.

MOTHER
You're right. Mine certainly didn't.

HIM
Excuse me?

MOTHER
You talk about wanting kids, but you can't even fuck me.

She rushes away from him up the

STAIRS

A flash of anger bursts through HIM. He grabs her hard and tries to kiss her. She fights him off. He keeps at it. Slowly, she stops fighting. Instead she grabs him.

They kiss hard. Real fucking hard. She devours him. He devours her.

He lifts her off of her feet and carries her up the stairs. Raindrops splatter on the skylight. And everything dissolves into

WHITE

In the morning, she wakes. Blissful. He lies next to her, holding her side.

She is content. Fully present.

She takes a deep breath. That makes her curious. She feels something. No actually she feels the ABSENCE of something.

She takes a DEEP breath. She smiles. Touches her chest. Takes another breath. She realizes something. Happiness floods her.

MOTHER
I'm pregnant.

She turns to HIM.

MOTHER
I'm pregnant.

HIM
Huh?

MOTHER
We're going to have a baby.

He chuckles.

MOTHER
I'm serious.

HIM
(sobering)
How could you know?

MOTHER
Because I know.

She looks deep into his eyes. He looks back.

MOTHER
I'm pregnant.

She starts to cry. Tears of happiness. He believes her. Tears well up in his eyes and he hugs her.

HIM
A baby?

MOTHER
Are you happy?

HIM
Happy? The most beautiful gift...

And then, he is lost in a thought.

MOTHER
What?

He flies out of bed naked and rushes for the desk. He ransacks it for a piece of paper. Finally finds a scrap. But there's no pen, he dumps the drawer.

HIM
Pen... Pen... Pen...

Then, he practically rolls down the stairs. Mother, confused, follows after him. She finds him in the

DRAWING ROOM

On his ass, leaning over the coffee table, scribbling away.

MOTHER
What are you doing?

He looks up, as if from a dream.

HIM
(obviously)
I'm writing.

MOTHER
What?

HIM
Writing. Last night. Those people, their pain. Their love behind the pain. And then, you. Us. And now, that...
(he points at her belly)
Life.
(nods to himself)
It's come to me. I know what to say, I have to find the words. That's all.

She smiles. Happy to see him inspired.

MOTHER
Amazing. I don't want to interrupt, I'll just get started on the apocalypse.

She turns to leave. HIM looks up.

HIM
Hey. I love you.

She smiles. Turns to look at the mess and sighs. Later in the

MASTER BATHROOM

Mother stands before the toilet. She holds the yellow tincture in her hand. She dumps it all into the bowl and flushes it.

She exits the frame for the first time because now it is

FIVE MONTHS LATER

Mother, five months pregnant and showing, steps into the guest bedroom, which has been converted into a

NURSERY

She moves through the room, putting away diaper cloths and other baby paraphernalia.

Her eyes are drawn to the floor where the rotten wood has been replaced with a patch of new unstained boards. After a beat, she covers it with the carpet.

She sneaks a peak into the drawing room, where HIM writes at a makeshift desk, deep in concentration. The walls around him are covered with calligraphy sketches and ideas. The doorknob is on his desk. She retreats through the

GUEST BATHROOM

Which has been painted and converted into a baby's bathroom. Then she enters the

KITCHEN

She opens the fridge to make a sandwich when she feels the baby kick. She yelps with surprise.

She pulls up her shirt. The baby elbows the inside of her FIVE MONTH belly. Her eyes go wide.

MOTHER
(to herself)
It moved...
(to HIM)
It moved!

She rushes to the

STAIRWELL

To tell HIM but the drawing room is empty. Then, she spots him standing in the

OPEN DOORWAY

Staring into the wilderness outside.

MOTHER
What is it?

He turns and sees her. A look she's never seen before is on his face. Her happiness turns into concern.

Slowly he looks down at his hands. She follows his eyes. In his hand is a page with words: the poem.

MOTHER
(she knows)
Is that it?

She steps towards him in the

FOYER

He barely believes it himself.

HIM
I finished it.

MOTHER
May I?

He hands the poem to Mother. A single sheet of paper.

She sits on the

STAIRS

She gives him one last look and reads. Slowly, as the words enter her we see images from

OUTSIDE

HIM alone. He stands in a desolated field with the remnants of his burnt home.

He reaches for someone. Mother emerges and takes his hand. They are younger and newly in love.

She is smitten with him. And he with her.

As they clasp hands, the charred ground and the burnt house begin to rejuvenate with new life.

Back to Mother on the

STAIRS

She starts to cry.

MOTHER
It’s beautiful.

He holds her.

HIM
Really? Why are you crying?

MOTHER
It’s just a lot.

HIM
You think it’s good?

MOTHER
It’s perfect.

HIM
Then? What’s going on?

She can barely ask:

MOTHER
Am I going to lose you?

HIM
(very serious)
Never--

And then the phone RINGS. The phone.

He goes to answer it. She’s left alone with the poem.

HIM
Hello? Hi.

She wipes her tears and follows him into the

KITCHEN

He is excited and on the phone.

HIM (ON PHONE)
Yes. Really? Really?

MOTHER
Who is that?

HIM (INTO PHONE)
Wait one moment, give me a second...
(to Mother)
They loved it!

MOTHER
Who did?

HIM (INTO PHONE)
Yeah I'll be here. Standing by...
Are you there? Hello?

He lowers the phone, thinking a lot.

MOTHER
Who was that?

HIM
My publisher.

MOTHER
She's read it?

HIM
Yes, of course. Why?

Mother is hurt.

The phone RINGS again. He takes the poem and answers the phone.

HIM
Yes? Hi again. Press? Well you know how I feel about it... I'll be here, waiting.
(a beat)
The house is great...

Mother, alone again, wanders off. She walks into the

NURSERY

And stares at the room.

She notices the traces of a blood stain on the carpet. She feels it. Dry. Lifts the carpet. There's nothing there but the patched wood floor.

She exits the frame once again because when she returns it is

THREE AND A HALF MONTHS LATER

Mother is extremely pregnant in the

MASTER BATHROOM

Taking a shower. The hot water massages her baby bump. It feels good.

Later, she throws on a robe and uses the hairbrush from her hospital bag. At dusk, in the

KITCHEN

Dressed in an evening gown, she takes a CAKE out of the oven and sets it on the cooling rack. She pokes the cake with a toothpick. It's done.

Outside the window, from the corner of her eye, something rushes by.

She looks. Nothing there. She stares for a moment, just to be sure.

The sun dips behind the distant trees. Night approaches. She heads to the

DINING ROOM

The table has been set for a beautiful meal. She fills the glasses. HIM rounds down the stairs wearing a sports jacket.

HIM
Amazing.

MOTHER
Well, we're celebrating. One day, every copy sold.

He smiles and kisses her.

HIM
You're so beautiful.

She glows in his compliment.

MOTHER
Make yourself comfortable. I'll go get everything.

HIM
Looks delicious. Let me help you.

MOTHER
No. *Sit*.

HIM
No, I'm helping.

MOTHER
Ok, will you bring the bread in?

HIM
All right.

Mother goes into the

PANTRY

As the door closes, the room goes dark and she senses something again.

She flips on the back porch light and JUMPS:

The ZEALOT stands right by the window. Ragged and disheveled he waves at her. He holds a BOUND COPY of the poem HIM wrote.

ZEALOT
No, please, can I see him?

She yelps and runs into the

DINING ROOM

HIM isn't there. She sees him out on the porch. A small populace forms around him. From the

FOYER

She listens as questions rain down on HIM from the crowd.

ZEALOT
Excuse me, I have a question.

MOTHER
What are you doing?

HIM turns, a big look of amazement on his face.

MOTHER
Who are they?

HIM
(thrilled)
I don't know.

He doesn't but he's excited to find out. This confuses her more.

HIM
(to crowd)
Please, wait.

MOTHER
What do they want?

He comes up to her.

HIM
I don't know. They've come here to see me.

Her face barely reacts.

HIM
Just keep everything warm. I'll be right in.

She has little response.

He turns back to them and nods. The crowd rustles.

HIM
(gesturing to Zealot)
You had a question, what is it?

The Zealot steps forward eagerly.

ZEALOT
As I was saying, we've all traveled a great distance and I feel that these words, I feel like they were written for me.

HIM
Of course they were.

Mother slowly walks back into the

NURSERY

She paces the room, not sure what to do. Blood soaks up into the carpet. She lifts it up. The blood stain is back.

Disturbed, she returns to the

FOYER

The crowd SOUNDS are much louder. She glimpses out the window. There are scores of people out there.

The Zealot now seems to be in a position of authority protecting HIM, who is the center of attention.

The big crowd surrounds HIM. They clamor for his autograph. They reach to shake his hand. They swoon from his touch. Many snap pictures with their cellphones.

Stunned, she pushes into the doorway. HIM notices her.

HIM
My goddess. Come here.

She shakes her head no. The Zealot rushes over to grab her.

ZEALOT
Come!

MOTHER
No, stay away from me!

HIM
No, please leave her. Thank you.

The Zealot does immediately. HIM comes to Mother.

HIM
They love it. They understand all of it, but it effects every one in a different way. It is remarkable. Come, they want to meet you. Come.

MOTHER
No. I don't want to. I don't want to. Come inside.

HIM
But they've come from so far--

MOTHER
Look at me! I'm about to have our baby. Why is that not enough for you?

HIM
Of course it's enough. I'm not going anywhere. I'm here with you.

MOTHER
I want to be alone with you.

HIM
I’m with you. Give me a second.

She tears up. He turns back to the crowd. They CHEER again.

She closes the door. Then, after a beat, she locks it. She marches towards the

STAIRS

And sees the SUPPLICANT and her SON in the

DINING ROOM

Rushing into the pantry.

SUPPLICANT
Come, quick. Just hang in there, hold it in.

MOTHER
Hey!

She cuts them off in the

PANTRY

The uninvited guests stop short.

MOTHER
Excuse me--

SUPPLICANT
Do you know where the bathroom is?

MOTHER
You need to leave.

SUPPLICANT
Where should I go?

MOTHER
I don’t know, but you can’t be in here.

SUPPLICANT
But my son... He...

The Supplicant looks down at her child. He’s peeing himself.

MOTHER
Oh. Okay. Come with me.

SUPPLICANT
Thank you so much. I'll come back and clean up.

Mother notices the back door is open.

MOTHER
Did you open this?

She closes the back door and locks it.

SUPPLICANT
(to Son)
Okay here we go. Just a little bit longer. It's okay, we'll get you all dried off.

MOTHER
After you're finished, I really need you to go back outside.

She leads them into the

NURSERY

Where the PISSER is just finishing using the toilet.

MOTHER
What are you doing?

PISSER
How about a little privacy? Please!

He rushes out the other door where a LINE, a dozen people deep behind the LINGERER, snakes into the nursery. She follows.

MOTHER
Sir!

LINGERER
I've been waiting a long time. Excuse me.

The Lingerer pushes past her and shuts the door. She looks at the line and the LOITERER.

LOITERER
Hey wait your turn lady.

Mother turns to the nursery, where the AESTHETE and the EPICURE are taking photos of the blood stain on the floor. It's wetter and bloodier than before.

MOTHER
How did you get in here?

The Aesthete holds a camera up to her.

AESTHETE
Could you get the two of us please?

MOTHER
What?

The Pisser takes the camera.

PISSER
I got it, I got it. Get down right in front of it.

The Aesthete and Epicure pose for a photo next to the bloody hole.

EPICURE
It's beautiful

MOTHER
Don't touch that!

AESTHETE
It's so organic.

MOTHER
All of you need to go outside.

She notices someone lay out a bed roll in the

DRAWING ROOM

Where the acne-scarred DRUNKARD is settling in for the night.

MOTHER
Hey! Sir!

He starts to take off his shoes.

DRUNKARD
I'm just going to lay down for a bit. I don't feel so good.

MOTHER
No, no. You cannot lie down here.

DRUNKARD
Why? Are you staying in here?

MOTHER
I live here. This is my house.

He starts laughing at her as if she's telling a joke.

DRUNKARD
(giggles to himself)
My house. My house. The poet says it's <u>everyone's</u> house!

He lays down and closes his eyes. And he's snoring. The front door opens. The Zealot, using HIM's keys, unlocks it. He leads a CONTINGENT OF DISCIPLES into the

KITCHEN

The disciples grab the meal she's made for HIM. They rush the sink and fill water jugs. Mother on their heels.

ZEALOT
Food and drink, my friends.

MOTHER
Hey!

ZEALOT
Oh, this is nice. We've got vegetables...

MOTHER
Stop! All of you!

ZEALOT
Check the cabinets. And the fridge.

MOTHER
What are you doing?

The Zealot grabs Mother's cake.

ZEALOT
Oh, beautiful!

MOTHER
No, no, that's not for you!

ZEALOT
He said to share.

MOTHER
But it’s not yours!

ZEALOT
They’re hungry and thirsty.

The Zealot hands the cake off to a disciple.

ZEALOT
Here you go. Now, take the fruit, and the cheese and the pickles. Oh and get those prickly pears.

Mother closes the fridge and moves into the

DINING ROOM

Where disciples are moving furniture and setting up for a meal. One disciple cuts the cake and hands out pieces.

She sees HIM taking a seat at the table where the DEVOTEE stands with a copy of his book.

DEVOTEE
Your writing is so beautiful.

MOTHER
What is this? What are you doing?

He looks at her. Smiles and focuses back on the book in front of him. He signs it for the Devotee.

HIM
I’m showing them my appreciation.

More people are lining up for autographs and photos. Disciples hang LARGE CEREMONIAL PHOTOS of HIM.

Some FOLLOWERS lounge on the ground staring at him.

Then the HERALD, HIM’s publisher, as blingy as she is loud, enters.

She’s tailed by two excited ABETTORS carrying stacks of books.

HERALD
My genius! Look at you. The second printing is here! I wish you would have told me about this turn out.

HIM
Have you met my--

The Herald spots Mother.

HERALD
There she is!

She kisses Mother.

HERALD
The inspiration! All right I have to be honest, I was a little worried about him being holed up here with you.
(turns towards HIM)
I was nervous you'd never write again.

HIM
Of course not!

The Herald turns back towards Mother.

HERALD
But whatever you did it was worth it. And look at you. You're ready to pop. How are you feeling? Are you hot?

Mother is about to answer.

HERALD
It's hot in here, is it me? It's boiling maybe someone could turn-

Just then one of the Abettors holds up an ORNATE EMPTY FRAME.

ABETTOR
I've got it right here.

HERALD
(to Mother)
Will you excuse me?

She inspects the frame.

HERALD
Let me see it. Oh yes, that's exactly what I wanted.

She turns back to HIM.

HERALD
The original, where is it?

HIM
(nod to drawing room)
It's right there, by the desk.

Just then, the Zealot enters from the drawing room, carrying the original poem. A crowd fills in around him.

ZEALOT
I've got it.

HERALD
Pardon me.

ZEALOT
I've got it.

The Herald reaches for the poem.

HERALD
I'll take that. Thank you.

ZEALOT
No!

HERALD
No, it's okay.

ZEALOT
No, don't touch it!

The Herald grabs his arm. He pushes her away.

HERALD
It's fine.

ZEALOT
Don't touch it!

HIM rushes over.

HIM
What happened? Hey! Hey! Easy, easy.

HERALD
I'm just trying to put it in this frame.

HIM
OK, I'll do it. It's all good. Let me see the frame.

HIM takes the frame. The Zealot hands him the poem. HIM slips it into the frame.

Mother watches the THIEF grab HIM's pen and a book from the table and slip into the

PANTRY

She grabs a vase sitting on the sink. She slips into the

KITCHEN

Mother chases after her.

MOTHER
Hey! Stop! Give that back.

THIEF
No, I have to have something of his.

Mother snatches the vase away.

THIEF
No!

The Thief lunges for it. They drop it and it SHATTERS.

THIEF
You did it. Now I gotta find something else!

The tone of the room changes. Other DEVOTEES become RANSACKERS. When all of the fragments are gone the ransackers grab whatever they can. Things of value, things that are worthless.

MOTHER
Get out! All of you! Stop! This doesn't belong to you.

Mother picks up the phone and dials 911.

911 (ON PHONE)
911. What is your emergency?

MOTHER
Can you help me?

911 (ON PHONE)
What is your emergency ma'am?

MOTHER
They’re stealing everything.

911 (ON PHONE)
What is--

The PILFERER snatches the phone from her hand.

PILFERER
Thank you.

MOTHER
I was using that...

PILFERER
(teaching)
It’s all right. Share. Like the poet says.

The PLUNDERER grabs the phone. Pulls it out of the wall.

PLUNDERER
(laughing)
Yeah, SHARE!

PILFERER
That’s not right.

Several people with various souvenirs rush past her through the hallway as Mother returns to the

DINING ROOM

Where HIM is now on his feet in a small circle of autograph seekers - they hug him, have him sign books, and take selfies with him. It’s a mix of cheering and crying and shouting. All circling around HIM. A release of love and joy.

MOTHER
Stop!

The NOVITIATE buries her head into HIM, weeps and won’t let go. With gentle hands to her forehead and arm, he pushes her back. But his hands are stained with ink and they leave an INK SMUDGE on her forehead.

Mother pushes through the madness. Someone tries to grab her. She pushes them away, careful to protect her very pregnant stomach.

MOTHER
Stop! Stop touching him!

Other autograph seekers see the smudge and covet it.

MOTHER
They’re ruining everything.

HIM
Those are just things. They can be replaced. Don’t worry.

The Herald appears with the CHRONICLER and his camera.

HERALD
Coming through please. Forgive me, just a few shots.

HIM
Of course.

MOTHER
No... No...

HERALD
(to Chronicler)
Make sure you’re getting him.

Flashes start flashing. Mother starts to pull away.

HERALD
No, don’t go.

But Mother pulls away. She sees the Zealot lead a dancing crowd in some type of formation dance. He jumps and slides while holding the framed original poem on a stick. She marches up the stairs to the

MASTER BEDROOM

Mother shuts the door and goes to the window. In the darkness outside, she sees more people approach.

She’s unsure what to do. She presses her hands against the wall and closes her eyes into the

DARKNESS OF HER IMAGINATION

The house breathes hard. The pipes creak and cry. The wires throb. The house is scared. We see the soul of the house retreating, twisting away. Back in the

MASTER BEDROOM

She makes up her mind. She zips up her hospital bag, grabs it, and marches down the stairs. She pauses at the

HALF LANDING

The wall covering the door to the study is now plastered with ceremonial photos of HIM. In front of it, the Zealot applies ink smudges to devotees' foreheads one by one. Disciples keep the long line of waiting devotees orderly.

DISCIPLE
Step forward.

A female devotee steps forward.

ZEALOT
His words are yours. If you please, pin your thoughts on the wall.

She pins a photo to the wall and receives an ink smudge. Now it's the next devotee's turn.

DISCIPLE
Step forward.

ZEALOT
His words are yours, dear.

Mother walks down the stairs, pushing past the long line of devotees towards the

FOYER

Where a THRONG parties. Popping Champagne. Making out. Laughing. More revelers pour in the front door, knocking each other over. Friends greet and hug each other. The party spills towards Mother.

She looks for the back door. The dining room has evolved into a full on dance party. So has the kitchen.

The Herald spots her.

HERALD
There you are! Where have you been hiding?

As flashbulbs fire, Mother spins the other way into the

HALLWAY

Where the HEWER saws an archway in half. Mother, shocked, charges him. He slices off the jamb on the basement door and yanks it away.

MOTHER
Why are you doing this?!

HEWER
Proof we were here.

Mother pushes into the

NURSERY

Where disciples carry off the crib.

MOTHER
No... Don't...

Mother accidentally steps on the bloody stain. Her foot plunges through the moist and rotten wood. Disgusted, she pulls her foot out and slips into the

BATHROOM

Where LOOTERS strip the fixtures off the walls.

She hurries into the

KITCHEN

Where the looting has escalated. A group of SWEATY LOOTERS pry the stove off the wall. Others stand on the island, trying to get to the ceiling lights. Someone knocks over the island crashing everyone to the ground. Mother hurries into the

PANTRY

FANS flood in through the back door. She fights to get past them and their shrieks to freedom but the Zealot grabs her.

ZEALOT
Hey!

MOTHER
No! Let go.

ZEALOT
No you can't leave, he loves you.

She pulls away. She pushes harder towards the back door.

HIM rushes in. The crowd surges towards him. Disciples push them back and clear the room. Devotees screech for the poet.

HIM sees her hospital bag.

HIM
Where are you going? Don't go.

MOTHER
You don't want me here.

HIM
Come here.

MOTHER
I can't.

HIM
Please. I have to tell you something.

Just then, she SHAKES with a contraction.

HIM
What?

She can't answer. He understands and shifts.

HIM
The baby? The baby?

Mother nods. He scans the looming crowd.

HIM
(to Mother)
Okay, come here. Come, come.
(to disciples)
We need space! We need space!

A disciple locks the back door. Others try to help HIM find a path through the crowds.

HIM
(to Mother)
Hold on here, I'll be right back.

He tries to find a path into the

HALLWAY

Where the people continue to beg for his attention, his signature, his image.

HIM
Give us some room!

He shoves the masses back. The populace resists. They start to boo.

HIM
Give us some room, give us some room.

Behind Mother, OFFICERS OF THE LAW burst through the back door, glass smashes, the door frame cracks. They arrest disciples.

Mother grabs the passing DEPUTY.

MOTHER
Help me. Help me--

DEPUTY
Hands off!

He spins her around to cuff her.

MOTHER
No! Please don't! Please don't!
My baby!

HIM yanks the cop away.

HIM
Get off her!

The Deputy sprays HIM with pepper spray. Part of the blast hits Mother's face. She screams.

She spins away as a line of OFFICERS tackle HIM to the ground.

Mother's eyes burn as she pushes into the

KITCHEN

Where MINING-LOOTERS attack the floor, tear into the house's foundation. The sink is ripped out. No water. So she stumbles into the

GUEST BATHROOM

Mother, eyes watering, heads for the tub, water. The FORNICATOR sobs on the lip. He laments the requiem.

The GLEANER yanks the faucet and loots it.

GLEANER
I called dibs...

Water sprays. Mother rinses her burning eyes.

The sound of three gun SHOTS blast from the kitchen. It's followed by a mad STAMPEDE of ransackers.

They swarm around Mother, pushing her in front of them as they scramble for the

NURSERY

Mother trips and falls on the steps as the panicking crowd surges over her. She spots Man's long lost METAL LIGHTER glinting from a grate on the floor.

Mother crawls to her feet. The blood stained floor is now a gaping WOUND. Maggots infest it.

In the crib nook, there's a newly constructed holding pen. Imprisoned are YOUNG SLAVES, clothes ripped and torn, arms bound. They beg for help.

Mother tries to find an exit from the chicken wire pen but the WHOREMONGER pins her against the wall. The SLAVEDRIVER tosses another young girl into the holding pen.

The Whoremonger pries open Mother's mouth examining her gums and teeth. He squeezes her bosom, her pregnant belly.

SLAVEDRIVER
How is she?

WHOREMONGER
Tainted.

The power flips off as RIOT POLICE in full armor burst out from the bathroom. They attack the sex traffickers as they rush towards Mother pushing her into the

DRAWING ROOM

Mother ducks into the corner as the riot police storm into a standoff between cops and PROTESTORS. Copies of the poem burn in barrels between the two sides.

Someone tosses a Molotov cocktail and two OFFICERS explode in flames.

Mayhem as it turns into a full on riot. Another contraction SLAMS Mother as she slips into the

STAIRWELL

Where a BAND OF INSTIGATORS stand on a pile of debris and broken furniture shouting slogans. Workers are reinforcing the pile and turning it into a new structure - into some type of tower.

A CHANTING CROWD bursts through the front door with signs and banners.

Another STREAM OF MARCHERS pours down the stairs. Mother is caught in the middle and pulled with them into the

DINING ROOM

A BAND OF REVOLUTIONARIES stand over two lines of prone PRISONERS whose hands are bound behind them. Their heads are covered with cheap plastic bags.

The swinging pantry door is gone. It is replaced by a chicken wire gate, behind which more prisoners are being held.

As Mother cowers by the mantel, she sees an executioner walking down the lines of prisoners, shooting each one in the head. Mother screams.

The executioner turns to Mother. We see her face for the first time. It is the Herald.

HERALD
The inspiration! Where have you been hiding?
(to revolutionaries)
Finish her.

Two revolutionaries grab Mother and push her to her knees and prepare to handcuff her wrists.

REVOLUTIONARY GUARD
On your knees!

The Herald moves to the wire holding pen and starts to select a few more prisoners.

HERALD
All right six more.

An EXPLOSION tears out a window, killing the Herald instantly.

Armed MILITARY FORCES burst into the home. They rush through doorways and smash through windows.

Mother is overwhelmed by a contraction. Still she flees, stepping over the Herald's mutilated body, back into the

HALLWAY

Everything is covered in grey ash. The SOLDIER COCKS his gun.

SOLDIER
Freeze!
(sees she is no threat)
Oh no... Come on.

The Solider leads Mother through the

STAIRWELL

More troops burst through the front door. Guns are fired. REFUGEES flee. Tear gas and explosions. The Soldier leads her from the newly built tower to a corner in the

DRAWING ROOM

Where they find a sheltered spot to rest.

SOLDIER
Are you hurt?

MOTHER
The baby...

A grenade goes off nearby tearing away the wall to the basement. He shields her with his body.

A contraction hits again. The Soldier notices her condition.

SOLDIER
Medic!

He looks up and around. Someone SHOOTS him through the jaw. He crumples in front of her.

Mother screams in terror and falls forward into the

NURSERY

Which has become a killing field. CORPSES are everywhere. SICK PLAGUE VICTIMS moan in agony. Mother sees the open window by the bathroom.

Some refugees rush to exit the home.

REFUGEE
This way. Hurry! Hurry!

She claws to it. She pulls herself up and over body after body. Even when a contraction ROCKS her she keeps crawling.

Almost out when two hands GRAB HER. The man tears off his gas mask, it's HIM cloaked and hidden. He is crazed and wild-eyed.

HIM
(relieved)
It's me. It's me.

MOTHER
What's happening?

HIM
I don't know. I have to take you somewhere safe.

MOTHER
There! OUT!

HIM
No, it's too dangerous. Come with me, quietly.

He takes her hand, starts dragging her towards the

GUEST BATHROOM

Which is full of shanties, tents, and lean-tos. Refugees have made small cooking fires. Grey ash covers all. She follows as he pulls her through the

KITCHEN

Still more survivors. Ladders poke up through holes in the floor. Pieces of field stone and beams from the foundation have been used to make slightly more permanent encampments.

She spots the back door and the forest beyond:

MOTHER
The door! The door!

HIM
No, this way.

The filthy PENITENT notices HIM.

PENITENT
It's him, the poet! He hasn't forsaken us after all!

HIM
Come, we need to hurry. Stay close!

BEGGARS, THE SICK, AMPUTEES surge them. Mother and HIM run through the

HALLWAY

Around the growing tower of debris. Still they are swarmed.

HIM
Get back!

PENITENTS
Help us! / We're hungry. / We're lost. / Fuck him! / He abandoned us.

In the

STAIRWELL

The bottom steps are gone. The front door is boarded up.

Penitents follow and swarm in from all sides. They fight to grab HIM.

HIM
I'm sorry. I can't.

Mother panics. Her contractions are quick and FURIOUS.

HIM
I'm sorry! I will not forget you.

He pushes and pulls against the swarm.

ZEALOT (O.S.)
Up here!

She looks up. The Zealot stands above them on the new tower. It stretches up to the half landing.

HIM
They will protect us.

Disciples swarm down to help the couple up the tower.

The mass of humanity follows them, others clambering up onto the broken stairs.

ZEALOT
Give me your hand!

Mother is pulled up with HIM to the

HALF LANDING

HIM and the Zealot fight to keep the crowds back.

HIM
Get back! I will return!

Mother leans against a wall just as another contraction hits. She is delirious with pain.

HIM
Sit here. Rest.

The HEALER emerges from the crowd.

HEALER
I'm a doctor! I'm a doctor.

HIM
A doctor! Help her please. I'll be right back.

The Healer takes a knee and feels Mother's belly. Mother doesn't want any help. She wants nothing to do with these strangers.

The study remains sealed shut. HIM starts kicking the planks that seal the door with the heel of his boot.

HEALER
Look at me. Listen to my voice. The baby's almost here.

Mother SCREAMS in agony.

Humanity stretches, reaches, pleads for mercy: "Help us! Help! Help us!" The disciples fight to keep them back.

Some break through. HIM stops kicking, grabs them and tosses them back off the landing. He returns to smashing the door.

The labor grows more intense. The Healer pries Mother's legs open.

HEALER
Now just push! Yes, yes, you have to push.

Finally, HIM gets past the planks and kicks the STUDY door open. The crowd overwhelms the disciples.

HEALER
Yes, you're doing very good. I can feel the head--

HIM rushes over pushes the doctor away.

HIM
Please move, I've got her. Come. I've got you now.

He lifts Mother up.

ZEALOT
Wait, I can help!

HIM
I'm delivering my baby. Shut the door! Shut the door! Shut it!

He drags Mother into the

STUDY

And lays her against his desk.

HIM
We're safe. We're safe. It's okay. Our baby's coming.

Mother tries to catch her breath. The fighting outside blasts the study door back open.

He gets to his feet and shoves everyone back. He closes the door. Then, he drags a heavy secretary to block the door from opening again. People bang on the door as the riot outside continues.

He rushes back to Mother. He reaches between her legs.

HIM
Okay, it's almost here.

Mother SCREAMS.

HIM
It's here. It's coming.

She continues to scream. Shaking herself, shaking the world.

And she screams as the baby releases into

WHITE

Vibrating energy. And after a beat.

HIM (V.O.)
It's a boy.

Return slowly to the

STUDY

HIM holds the baby as Mother opens her eyes.

He lifts the child onto her chest. Her SON. She holds him.

He is perfect. Mother starts to cry. Tears of joy.

The sounds of war are still outside the door.

HIM touches the baby's feet a look of wonder on his face. He grabs a cotton cloth that drapes the lazy chair. He uses it to wrap the child in her arms.

HIM
Cover him.

The baby CRIES its first cry. The noise echoes through the house.

Suddenly, the sounds of violence drop out. It gets quiet. Real quiet. Outside the study there is now no more noise.

They are confused. Mother looks at the door.

MOTHER
What's happening? Why are they so quiet?

HIM
I don't know.

He heads to the door.

MOTHER
Don't!

He listens to the door. He hears nothing. He slides back the secretary.

MOTHER
Don't do that!

He cracks open the door and peeks. He spots something. He bends down and picks up a basket filled with fruit and a pitcher of water.

MOTHER
Shut the door! Seal it!

He does it and uses the secretary to block the door. He carries the goods back to her.

HIM
They brought us gifts.

He pours her a glass of water. She watches him suspiciously.

MOTHER
What are they doing?

HIM
They're just waiting.

MOTHER
Waiting for what?

HIM
I don't know.

MOTHER
Make them go. Please. Please make them.

He thinks. Then he nods.

HIM
Okay, okay.

He returns to the door. He pauses to look at her, then he slips outside. He seals the door behind him.

Mother is alone with her child. They look into one another.

She lifts him up and wraps him properly in the cloth.

LATER

The door opens. HIM returns in new clothes. He carries a shirt and sweat pants.

HIM
More gifts. Look here. For you. Clean clothes.

He lays them next to her.

MOTHER
Are they leaving?

An awkward pause.

HIM
What? No, they just want to see him.

MOTHER
No. Make them go!

HIM
I can’t.

MOTHER
(pleads)
Yes you can. They adore you. They would listen to you.

He doesn’t respond to that.

MOTHER
Why won’t you!?

HIM
(snaps, honestly:)
I don’t want them to go.

Mother stunned. He comes to her. She tries to back away. Scared.

HIM
He’s beautiful.
(then)
Let me hold him.

MOTHER
No.

HIM
Let me hold him.

Mother shakes her head.

HIM
Let me hold my baby.

MOTHER
No.

HIM
Let me hold him.

MOTHER
NO!

HIM
I’m his father.

MOTHER
I’m his MOTHER!

That stops him. For the moment. He sighs.

On his feet he gets behind the big chair.

He sighs again and pushes it forward so that it is inches from her.

He takes a seat and he just sits. He sits and he stares at her.

Time is on his side. So he waits.

She stares at him. He stares at her.

HOURS GO BY

At dawn, he sits wide eyed staring at her, barely blinking. The baby is fussing and she calms it. She reaches for the new shirt, starts to put it on. He tries to help.

HIM
Here, let me-

MOTHER
No.

Keeping her eyes on him, she slips the shirt on.

LATE IN THE DAY

The baby feeds on his mother's breast. Her eyelids grow heavy. HIM stares straight at her, barely blinking. She looks at the fruit bowl which is almost empty.

MOTHER
(pleads)
Please! PLEASE! Make them go...

He doesn't respond.

AT NIGHT

She fights with all her will, but sleep descends on her. Her eyelids are so heavy. She can't help but pass out to

SILENCE

She fights to wake up. Her eyes fling open in the

STUDY

HIM carries the baby to the open door lifting the boy into the air, the crowd screams in delight.

Adrenaline floods her heart, she lunges after them, panic ripping through her soul. Through the doorway she descends the

TOWER

The crowd applauds and cheer the baby. The doorway has been turned into the entrance of a shrine, it's covered with offerings and burning incense.

MOTHER
No! No! Give me back my baby.

She fights to get through the throngs. She spins HIM around, looks at his arms. They are <u>empty</u>. His face is a mix of shock, horror, and awe.

MOTHER
Where is he?

She looks past him. The baby moves from hand to hand. Carried like a rock star surfing a mosh pit deep into the

DRAWING ROOM

The crippled, the ill, the healthy, the happy, the sad, everyone surges towards the baby. Mother dives in after him.

MOTHER
No, no, that's my baby, I'm his Mother!

Hands reach. Hands pull. Hands grab. They all want to touch him.

MOTHER
No, no, please, you're going to hurt him, you're hurting him!

The baby SHRIEKS! Then something SNAPS!

And the baby stops crying. There are gasps.

MOTHER
Where is he? Where's my baby?

She fights her way through the crowd, looking for her son, his body in the

DINING ROOM

The Zealot spins and appears before her. He is bald now and an ink smudge is on his brow.

MOTHER
(hysterical)
Where's my baby?

ZEALOT
He's not dead.

What? She doesn't understand.

ZEALOT
A voice still cries out to be heard, loud and strong. Listen... Can you hear that?

A strange answer. She hears the crowd crying, sobbing. They are hysterical. She realizes what the Zealot means.

She pushes past the bald man.

On the ALTAR, lies the remnants of her child. Meat has been picked from the child's bones.

She looks around. People eat pieces of flesh. When they take a bite they are filled with peace.

ZEALOT (O.S.)
Do you hear that? That's the sound of life, the sound of humanity. His cry of love. His love for you.

Mother grabs for the pieces of meat. For her son. The people fight her off. Someone drags her to the ground.

There's a shard of GLASS on the floor. From a broken window. She takes it. She turns on the MASSES around her. She stabs and attacks.

People fall one by one. Others retreat terrified of her. Of her weapon.

She keeps killing more and more people.

People panic as she chases men, women and children. She stabs them all in the back, in the throat, in the eyes, wherever she can.

She screams with the agony deep in her soul.

She drives the shard deep into the belly of the Zealot. He grabs her wrist. She looks him in the face. He holds the doorknob that first killed brother on brother.

The Zealot smashes her with it.

She collapses to the ground. The mob descends. They beat her, they kick her, they scratch her, they tear off her clothes, and they spit on her. They defile her.

HIM emerges, smashing through the masses, trying to save her.

HIM
Please stop. Stop. STOP!

And ALL do. The people back away chins down.

HIM
(to the crowd)
Go away! Leave her alone! What are you doing?

She's bloodied. Her nose is broken. One eye starts to swell.

HIM
Look what they've done to you.

HIM
(to the crowd)
What are you doing?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

MOTHER
They killed my baby. You killed him. You killed him.

HIM
I am so sorry. They just wanted to see him, they just wanted to touch him, and then they... It's horrible. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

They are overwhelmed by grief. They sob. He holds her tight. Blood drips from her face.

HIM
But we can't let him die for nothing. We can't. Maybe what happened can change everything, everyone.

MOTHER
What are you talking about?

HIM
We have to find a way to forgive them.

MOTHER
They butchered our son.

HIM
I know.

She pushes him away. She crawls away backwards.

MOTHER
You're insane.

HIM
They are so sorry. They are truly sorry. Please have faith in me. We need to forgive them.

She drops her hands to the ground closes her eyes and we slip into the

DARKNESS OF HER IMAGINATION

And the house is barely alive. Shrinking and dying. Everything almost completely still. Back in the

DINING ROOM

She can hold it in no longer.

MOTHER
NOOOOO!

The ground SHAKES violently. The floor RIPS apart.

The crowd shrieks, panicking. She rises up.

MOTHER
(at everyone)
Murderers!
(at HIM)
Murderer.

Her eyes wild, she scratches his face.

MOTHER
It's time to get the fuck out of my house!

Long gashes are left behind. Skin is under her nails.

She races off, fighting through the crowd.

HIM (O.S.)
No. Don't! Please, come back! Don't leave me.

She bursts through the masses praying into the

NURSERY

In the radiator grate is Man's METAL LIGHTER. She grabs it.

She rushes through the

HALLWAY

And trips. She tumbles face first down the stairs to the

BASEMENT

She lands hard on the concrete floor. She picks up the wrench she used earlier and drags her broken body into the

HIDDEN CELLAR

People chase after her led by HIM.

HIM
(to crowd)
Stop! Please! Hold on!

They do. Mother swings the wrench and punctures the bottom of the oil tank. Thick oil rolls out onto the basement floor. She pulls out the METAL LIGHTER and lights it.

HIM
(to Mother)
Don't. Please don't. I love you.

MOTHER
You never loved me. You just loved how much I loved you. I gave you everything...

The flame on the lighter flicks and leaps.

MOTHER
And you gave it all away.

HIM
No! No! NO!

And she drops the lighter. The

OIL IGNITES

Fire rushes into the tank and

EXPLODES

He drops his head, defeated. The flames rip through him and his followers and every living thing in the

BASEMENT

Flames smash through the

HALLWAY

Fire engulfs one and all. SCREAMS of misery and agony as the masses rush the front door in the

FOYER

A huge fireball rushes up through the

STAIRWELL

And torches the

STUDY

Everything is ruined and destroyed. Now

OUTSIDE

The world EXPLODES. Everything burns. Everything is on fire. And down in the

HIDDEN CELLAR FILLED WITH FLAMES

Mother is calm. Even as her skin burns, she is calm.

Just HER eyes: defiant... sad... defeated... but free...

She closes her eyes as all goes to

WHITE

A long moment until we return to the charred remains of Mother being carried through the

BURNT HOUSE

In his arms. He carries her with little emotion and less effort. He’s trying to be strong. He is not burnt. The scars on his face are healing.

She is charred and near death. She watches the house smoldering around him.

MOTHER
(whisper)
What are you?

He notices her for the first time.

HIM
Me? I, am I. You? You were home.

MOTHER
Where are you taking me?

HIM
The beginning.

He lowers her down on the desk of his

BURNT STUDY

She cringes in pain.

HIM
It won't hurt much longer.

MOTHER
What hurts me the most is that I wasn't enough.

This chokes him up.

HIM
It's not your fault. Nothing is ever enough. I couldn't create if it was. And I have to. That's what I do. That's what I am. And now I must try it all again.

MOTHER
(understands)
No.
(asks)
Just let me go.

HIM
I need one last thing.

MOTHER
I have nothing left to give.

He disagrees.

HIM
Your love.
(he points at her chest)
It's still there isn't it?

She starts to cry. She nods. He's right. What choice does she have?

MOTHER
Go ahead. Take it.

She lets it all go. No more emotion. No more ever again.

He knows what he must do. He plunges his hands into the remnants of her chest.

She gasps. He pulls out a MASS of beating ash.

The last drop of life fades from her body leaving only an ashen HUSK.

Alone now, he squeezes the mass in his hands. He squeezes hard until it solidifies. Then, with more force, it breaks apart leaving a NEW CRYSTAL FORMATION.

Just like the one at the beginning. But this one is different. Beautiful and amazing, but different.

He places the crystal on a burnt shelf in the

CHARRED BOOKCASE

He closes his eyes. Wishes.

Slowly color repairs the shelf returning it to an un-burnt state.

Now, dawn light reveal glimpses inside a slightly different

HOME

A burnt front door comes back to life. It fades into a burnt hand rail which comes back to life. The hand rail fades into a burnt wall which comes back to life. The wall becomes the burnt sheets on a bed in a

MASTER BEDROOM

They come back to life. A BODY emerges before us. A young, NEW WOMAN emerges in a comfortable bed, hugged by white sheets.

She is different. Beautiful and amazing, but different.

She spots his pillow. He’s not there. She asks:

NEW WOMAN
Baby?

There’s no answer...

HARD TO BLACK

by: darren aronofsky